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ble Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

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It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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BOOKPLATES.

Forms and Styles in Use and a Label's
Place in a Volume.

Bookplates are not of modern invention. Their beginning was in the latter half of the fifteenth century and their accredited first home Germany. But as a bookplate has the same merit in a library that a scarecrow has in the grainfield, a polite "hands off" to the too ready and forgetful borrower, the fashion of this mark of ownership has increased, not decreased, until today one finds bookplate collections in multitudes as well as bookplate users.

There are three forms of plate, the engraved plate, the photograph and the line cut plate. The engraved plate has for a long while been as popular as it is beautiful, but recently there seems a shifting in fancy toward the photograph—just why nobody knows. Perhaps it is the lesser cost, for the engraved plate mounts up from \$100 to \$500, whereas the photograph may be had for \$25, and the line cut, if one is clever enough to draw one's own design, costs a mere trifle for a simple design. Once one has one's plate, however, the printings therefrom are but a trifle.

There are four distinct styles in plates. The first is the armorial. In this the crest or coat of arms is used and sometimes the owner's name added thereto. The second style is the decorative, in which allegory or pure decoration creates the basis of the idea.

The third is the pictorial plate. This shows the owner's tastes and inclinations. A college boy, for instance, may have a plate which will show a tennis racket, golf sticks, a football. The fourth and last style is seldom seen. Still it exists, so it is worth mentioning. It is called as portraiture and consists of the book owner's picture or portrait framed in some decorative scheme. And as far as good taste goes it is questionable.

Where to place the bookplate when once it is a possession also tends toward many. Common usage and common sense show the best place to be on the inner side of the book's front cover, for a plate pasted between the leaf leaves of the book defaced its own purpose. Being well obscured, it is rarely noticed. When a husband and wife combine libraries it is often usual to find the plate of one in the front of the volume and the plate of the other in the back, or one may be added in smaller size beneath the other.—New York Sun.

Welding by Cohesion.
If sheets of plate glass be piled up horizontally to a considerable height without the precaution of separating them by sheets of paper the glass in certain places adheres as tightly as if it were cemented, so that it is necessary to remove it bit by bit. This is due solely to cohesion, which is the property of bodies to adhere as soon as their molecules are in contact. It is almost impossible to make surfaces so smooth and to exert pressure so great that the molecules of the two surfaces will actually be in intimate contact, but in certain machines this does occasionally take place with both steel and lead, effecting a sort of welding so perfect that even the microscope cannot detect the place of union.—New York World.

Daytime Aurora.
An aurora seen in the daytime is described by H. B. Collier in the Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. The writer was at Viking, Alberta, in latitude 53 degrees north, and observed the aurora half an hour before sunset on April 22. Its visibility was due to the fact that a cloud hung above the horizon, serving as a curtain or screen against which the aurora could be seen. The observer states that "numerous bright, hazy, milkylike streamers, appearing to have their source just below the cloud, darted upward, rising about fifteen degrees."

Prize Story Brilliant.
Gems from a recent short story prize competition:
"Oh, if my poor old mother could sit up in her cold, cold grave and see me, how happy she would be!"
"Madeline seated herself at twilight on the wisterized piazza."
"Ethel decided to prepare something appetizing for her husband's supper."
"Adelaide was accustomed to have her fractious horse brought around every morning before breakfast, so that she might take an exhilarating gallop through the Paris bourse."—Bookman.

Needed Inventions.
A rocking chair that will murmur "Step to the right!" when you are about to fall over it in the dark.
An electric collar button that will automatically light up when it escapes you and disappears under the bed.
A latchkey with a magnet attachment that will invariably find the key-hole.
A square brimmed straw hat that may blow off, but will not roll away.—Judge.

Should Be Welcome.
"I see you state that a certain citizen was ninety years old today."
"Well?" said the editor.
"Is that item of any great importance?"
"Maybe not. But it is a sort of relief from the casualty news."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Proper Place.
Applicant: I've got a head full of ideas, sir, that would come in handy in the management of your business.
Boss (to nearby clerk): Here, Jack, take this chap down to the unloading department.—Judge.

The battle is weak that is waged with one hand.—Euripides.

The Scrap Book

A Eugene Field Story.

Eugene Field knew that Mr. Cleveland prided himself on having a remarkably fine collection of the first editions of Field's books. One day Field sauntered lazily into Mr. Cleveland's office.

"You think you have everything I've ever written, don't you, Cleveland?"
"Yes; certainly I have," was the emphatic reply.

"Well, you're a liar; you've nothing of the kind," contradicted Field coolly as he pulled out of his pocket a Tribune Primer. "This was my first book. It was a small paper covered pamphlet of forty-eight pages, published in Denver in 1882 and very rare, even then, and much coveted by collectors."

"There are only three or four copies of this in the world," said Field. "I have been after the book for months for Francis Wilson, but you can have it if you want it."

"But why let me have it if you intended it for Mr. Wilson?" asked Mr. Cleveland, puzzled.
"Just to hear him cuss," chuckled Field. "You can have it for \$25. It cost me \$15, and I want \$10 for the trouble of bringing it up in the elevator," and Field departed well pleased with the success of his mission.—McBride's Magazine.

Make the World Bright.
When you hear of good in people—tell it. When you hear of evil—quell it. Let the goodness have the light. Put the evil out of sight. Make the world we live in bright. Like to heaven above.—Selected.

Didn't Appeal to Him.
Uncle Josh, who lived far back in the crimson clover zone, happened into the big city one day and found himself standing before a woman's exchange. That was a new one on Josh, and for a long while he stood there and thoughtfully pondered. Finally he entered the building.

"I s'pose, ma'am," said he, addressing one of the attendants, "that this is the woman's exchange?"
"Yes, this is the woman's exchange," replied the attendant. "What can we do for you?"

"I s'pose," continued Josh, glancing alternately at the two or three women in the office, "that you are the only woman folks here?"

"There are no others," was the wondering response of the attendant.
"Um," thoughtfully observed Josh, starting toward the door, "then I guess I'll jes' keep hanner."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Pathetic Appeal.
"When Wolsey conquered Cete-wayo," said an English officer, "he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he left the monarch only a half dozen or thereabout. Cete-wayo day after day sent pitiful messages to Wolsey pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly. When Wolsey came to leave the country Cete-wayo, in despair, sent this message to him: "If you will not send me any more wives will you not at least be enough of a gentleman to exchange the six I have for six others?"

The Fifty Dollar Look.
When Bozeman Bulger lived in Birmingham, Ala., that city boasted of two jails—a small city jail, commonly known as the Little Red Brick, and a county jail, which was called the Big Rock. In Birmingham at that time was a lawyer who made a specialty of defending darkeys.

According to Bulger, an aged negro stumped into this practitioner's office one morning. His son was in jail, and he wanted the white man to get him out.

The lawyer figured from the old negro's appearance that he could not count upon an especially affluent client.
"All right, uncle," he said. "I reckon I can take the case and get your boy out for about—let me see—for about \$10. Got the money with you?"

"I s'ually has," answered the old man, and he produced a roll of bills big enough to choke a calf. The counselor took one look at that delectable dark green bundle.

"Hold on, uncle," he said. "Is that boy of yours locked up in the Little Red Brick?"

"Naw, sah," said the old man, "he's in de Big Rock."

"Oh, I thought he was in the Little Red Brick," said the lawyer. "To get him out of the Big Rock will cost at least \$50."—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Too Strong a Hint.
Mrs. Morgan had a colored maid named Sarah. One Sunday afternoon the mistress saw Sarah's lover leaving the house clad in a suit of white flannel. A little later, when the maid appeared, Mrs. Morgan said:
"Sarah, that beau of yours should never wear white. He is so very black that white clothes make him appear all the blacker. Why don't you give him a hint?"
"Why, Miss Morgan," said Sarah with animation, "I done give him er lot ob hints, but he jes' natterly ain't got no sense an' he didn't take 'em."
"Probably you didn't make the hints strong enough," said the mistress.
"Well, ne'm, dat's jes' what I think myself," agreed Sarah reflectively. "I don't believe I did. I jest looks at him right hard an' I says, 'Nigrah, yo' sho' do look like a black snake crawlin' out ob cream, you do!' That's jes' all I says to him, Miss Morgan."—Everybody's.

NO PEACE IN BASEBALL

Lack of Developments at Federal League Meeting

The annual meeting of the Federal League has become part of baseball history for 1915, and the season passed without the least progress being made toward peace in the baseball war. This has been a disappointment to the club owners in the circuit because they had reason to believe that several magnates of the National and American leagues would be on hand to make some sort of a proposition that would be a working basis for a settlement of the controversy. On his way to Indianapolis to attend the meeting President Gilmore of the Federal League declared that the magnates would attend to their business at the Indiana capital, and that there would be no adjournment to French Lick. But the club owners did go to French Lick, and that is where they met with disappointment. It had been reported that Colonel Rupert of the New York Yankees, Barney Dreyfuss of the Pirates, Chas. Comiskey of the Chicago White Sox and other club owners had made reservation at that resort, all of which fed the Federal magnates to believe that there would be quite a delegation of organized baseball men on hand to greet them. But the only one the Federals saw at French Lick was Colonel Rupert, and it was not baseball business that took him there. For several years Colonel Rupert has been making trips to French Lick about this time, and it was simply a coincidence that he had arranged to be there while the Federal League was having its annual meeting. Colonel Rupert had no baseball to talk with the Federal League owners and consequently the latter departed for their respective homes. The Federal League magnates were cheerful when they heard that several men of organized baseball had gathered for peace conferences and they felt that they had been rewarded for operating their league during the season. The Federals did not entertain any idea that a settlement would be reached before their meeting ended, but they did hope that plans would be outlined for a settlement and that the magnates of organized baseball would lose no time in reporting to their respective leagues. It is not likely that either of the two major leagues will extend invitations to the Federals to send committees to their annual meetings, and hence the proposed peace that was looked for this winter seems to be as far off as ever. The forfeiture of franchises by two clubs in the Federal League speaks more of the league's true condition than anything that might be said by President Gilmore or anyone else, and the fact that other clubs are practically as bad off as Kansas City and Buffalo will make it all the harder for the Federals to approach the two major leagues with a proposition for a compromise.

Mississippi Steamboating.
The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 230, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of \$25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharves of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.—Travel Magazine.

Caustic.
"I'm a self made man."
"And you suffer no remorse?"—Boston Transcript.

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Persistent.
Dobson—What does Blifkin remind you of?
Hobson—Well, every time I meet Blifkin he reminds me of a little debt I've owed him for over a year.—Wall Street Journal.

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The Dainty Muskrat.
The muskrat is one of the cleanest animals known. Not only is it careful of what it eats, but before eating a root or anything else the little animal patiently scrubs it free from dirt. Not until every particle is removed will it eat it. The name has had more influence in keeping people from eating the flesh than anything else. It is considered great fun to initiate a novice in eating muskrat. He is told that it is squirrel or any one of a dozen other animals to induce him to eat it. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred the novice is converted at once after the first mouthful and forever afterward never tires of singing the praise of the meat.—Exchange.

Dynamite.
The action of dynamite is comparatively precise. The firing point is 180 degrees C. At that temperature it either burns or explodes. If free from all pressure, jar, vibration or force of any kind it merely burns. That is how it comes about that one can burn dynamite safely in the hand if all conditions be wholly favorable. But any least vibration from such requisites will cause an explosion, which is an excellent reason for avoiding too intimate ventures with the compound.

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WORTH TRYING.
Be but for one day, instead of the fire worshiper of passion, the sun worshiper of clear self possession, and compare the day in which you have rested out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened and your breast armed against every trick of fate; you will wonder at your own improvement.—Richter.

Big Chances Both Ways.
The famous physician and the eminent clergyman were deep in a discussion which threatened to become acrimonious.
"You see," said the minister sarcastically, "you medical men know so much about the uncertainties of this world that I should think you would not want to live."
"Oh, I don't know," responded the physician caustically. "You clergymen tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world that we don't want to die."—Exchange.

Handicapped.
The second Duke of Wellington was handicapped through life by his father's fame. Bernal Osborne once asked him why with his undoubted talents he made no effort to shine in public affairs. The duke replied, "If you had sat so long as I have under the shadow of a great tree you would be as colorless as I am."

Always New.
"But, little girl, love is a subject on which everything has been said."
"Not to me."—Fleegende Blatter.

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